

A LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, May 7, 1899.

The Catholic world is celebrating with filial devotion the beautiful Month of Mary, and Rome, which counts within her bosom thirty-four churches and chapels, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, pays every day of this month of May, in these churches a solemn tribute to the Blessed Mother of God. Her glories are extolled by eloquent preachers, her praises are sung by magnificent choirs and her images are surrounded by a sea of candles, among which are artistically arranged the choicest flowers an Italian spring can produce. Every evening the Roman people go in large numbers to those devotions and perhaps the most frequented shrine in Rome this month is the little church of St. Mary of Victory, titular church of His Eminence the late Cardinal Tachereau. During the first week of May also, Rome celebrated with special pomp several notable feasts. Among these feasts, there is none with which the readers of the "True Witness" are more in touch than that of the Blessed John the Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Last Sunday in the presence of His Holiness, surrounded by Cardinals, dignitaries of the Congregation of Rites and many Christian Brothers a decree was promulgated approving two miracles operated by God through the intercession of Blessed de la Salle. Both miracles were instantaneous and complete cures, one of a very serious case of pneumonia and brain-fever in a youth named Leopold Taya, and the other of lumbago and ulcerated limbs from which a Christian Brother was delivered. The Church will draw great light from those two miracles, when she proceeds with the canonization of the saintly founder. On this occasion, the Holy Father's attention was most touching. This new homage, said His Holiness, paid to the Blessed de la Salle, will cause joy among the Brothers of the Christian Schools. With them France also will rejoice and be glad. Let France remember what benefits the congregation of Blessed de la Salle had bestowed with a generous hand upon the children whom the Christian Brothers undertake to instruct in religion and righteousness.

The feast of Blessed de la Salle was solemnly celebrated on the 4th of May, in St. Joseph's College, which is conducted by the Brothers.

Another grand ceremony in Rome is the exposition of the Holy Relics, such as took place last Wednesday at the Church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, and at St. John Lateran a few weeks ago. At this latter church, His Grace Archbishop Storor, after hav-

ing presided at solemn Vespers, appeared in one of the small tribunes that overlook the Sanctuary of the Lateran Basilica. The Archbishop, vested in full Pontifical robes, was accompanied by two chanters in soutane and surplis. The reliquaries were handed, one by one to the prelate, and while he held it out to the contemplation of the large assembly, one chanter would sing, or rather would read a brief explanation of the one exposed. The, when the other chanter had repeated the same, the Archbishop raised the reliquary and blessed the people with it. In turn, the persons present bowed their heads in reverence and made a sign of the Cross. It would be a long task to name all the saints whose relics were thus publicly venerated that day. When the prelate received into his hand the relic of St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great and benefactress of the Lateran Church, the chanters sang: "Part of the bones of St. Helen, who donated this our thrice holy Basilica," and of St. Sylvester, the reigning Pope when St. John Lateran was constructed, they said: "Part of the bones of St. Sylvester, sovereign Pontiff, who consecrated this our thrice holy Basilica." This imposing ceremony is one of the most sublime sermons that can be preached upon the real value of earthly things. For among the saints whose relics were exposed that day, there were many who led here on earth an existence that seemed, to some of their blind and obdurate fellow-men, a folly, an excess. But, as scripture says, "behold they are now converted among the Sons of God and their lot is among the Saints."

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan was admitted to an audience with the Holy Father on Friday morning. One of the distinguished party who accompanied the Cardinal on this occasion gives the most gratifying account of Leo's health and activity. His Holiness, unassisted by his valet or walking cane, entered the Throne Room at a remarkable lively pace. In conversation he displayed a keenness of intellect very striking in a man of ninety years. His eyesight and hearing are likewise very sharp. In fact, the visitor in question observes no change in Leo since 1879. After the audience which lasted thirty-five minutes, His Holiness left the reception room with wonderful strength and, even we might say, agility. Every day numerous and large audiences are admitted to see our Holy Father. To all he refers in grateful terms to the kind prayers offered for his recovery.

F. D. H.

QUAKER AND PRIEST.

Not long since we recorded the death of Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, a native of Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, who died at the age of ninety, at St. Mary's, Milford, Mass. Mr. Alfred Webb, a member of the Society of Friends, of Dublin, contributes to the "Irish Monthly," an account of his experiences with Father Cuddihy, when travelling on an ocean vessel with him, in May, 1896. The article is headed "A Fine Old Irish Gentleman and a Good Old Priest." The following passages are from Mr. Webb's diary:—

Second day out. "Amongst our fellow passengers is a Catholic clergyman, an Irish gentleman of the old school. He must be up to 85 or 90. Like some other American clergymen he does not dress so distinctively as ours at home. He has crossed over very often. He is from Clonmel, and speaks Irish with a friend. He says he is an old O'Connellite."

Fourth Day. "Father Cuddihy—that is his name—is a wonderful old Trojan; he tells us he is 88. 'I am by the way going home for my health,' he said to me, 'but, between ourselves I wanted more to throw on my two curates the burthen of collecting money for a new church.' I. has just had a regular dish of gossip with him concerning the Grubbs and other old residents in Clonmel. He knew personally both O'Connell and Blaneon."

Fifth Day. "Father C. is charming company. There is something quaint and old-time about him, from his dress and from the cut of his hair to his accent. At breakfast this morning the conversation turned on Sterne and the writers of the last century. 'None of them were happy with their wives,' exclaimed Father C. 'What about Johnson?' I asked. 'Ah, but he was a philosopher,' he rejoined, with a sly wink at us."

Sixth Day. "We were talking about England and Ireland. Father C. said to an English passenger: 'Did you ever read of Lazarus and Dives? Well,

we are Lazarus and you are Dives. And you know what it came to at last. You are too rich. Did you ever read Byron's 'Siege of Corinth'?' 'There are some lines applicable,' which he quoted. "'Child Harold'—my dear sir, read the 'Siege of Corinth'—that is poetry.' . . . I helped to put Wyse out at Waterford election. Ah! I was a great politician then."

Seventh Day. "We would be lost but for Father C. He has been showing us photographs of his schools and of a round tower, modelled after that on Devenish Island, that he has built in the cemetery attached to his church. We had, as usual, much conversation with him on general subjects. His mind is a perfect storehouse of quotations. He is especially fond of drawing upon Horace, Virgil, Byron, and Pope."

Eighth Day. "Father C. is indeed charming. I wish I could reproduce some of his conversations in their full richness. Sixty-nine years ago he was a Franciscan at St. Isidore's. We talked of the old monastery and of Luke Wadding. He must be greatly beloved by his large congregation near Boston. Such a combination of deep religious feeling and practical common sense. . . . 'St. Brendan! It is all a legend. How could men think of setting out to discover America in open boats? It took a great queen and a man of genius like Columbus to do that.' . . . It is a real privilege to hear him talk of old Repeal days and of Irish poetry and history. He soars off at table about general history, classics and poetry—quoting Virgil and Homer without a suspicion of pedantry. Dr. . . . sometimes tries to follow him, but generally comes down 'ker flummux,' as Uncle Remus says. The weather is chilly, and Father C. sits much on deck in his short cloak, and rug L. insisted he should wrap around him. At times when dozing it is evident from the play of his countenance that recollections and fancies are chasing each other through

his mind. Sometimes his lips move, clearly in prayer. Then he will rise up and come out with a piece of poetry or classical quotation. An hour ago—it is now afternoon—he recited the opening passages of Dante's 'Inferno':

'Neo mezzo del cammin di nostra vita etc.

Then he exclaimed 'Is not that beautiful? But Dante is so difficult—I can make no hand of it without a translator by me.' He urges me to read Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' . . . We are likely to have a long passage. But had we come by the crack boat from New York we would have lost the last few days about Boston and would not have made acquaintance with Father C."

Ninth Day. He is brimful of stories, anecdotes, and relations. He talked of his early days. His father, born in 1760, was the first Catholic permitted to open a shop in the main street of Clonmel without payment of 'intrusion money.' Lord Edward Fitzgerald stopped at their house upon one of his visits to the South. . . . In 1898 taught Mrs. Cuddihy's presence of mind saved his father's life. Their house was being searched by soldiers. As they were rummaging a trunk she caught sight of a letter of Lord Edward's. She let the lid fall as if by accident. This extinguished the candle, and before it was relighted she managed to snatch and conceal the letter. Yet his father was imprisoned a year on suspicion, and his business was for the time ruined. . . . He hummed an old Irish song, 'Pau-tien Fionn,' which he tells me to learn. Our tastes, on many subjects are wonderfully alike, and endless topics for conversation come up. . . . Burke was a profound thinker and a great man—and of the Irish Catholic blood! . . . 'The Italians have taken the place of the Irish laborers in the United States. The Irish, in spite of the curse of drink, have gone up higher—just as American girls are now going to clerkwork and typewriting, and leaving school-teaching.

as too onerous, to the Irish girls. The Italian emigrants are a nice quiet set of people.' . . . He spoke of some book. Father W., fellow passenger: 'When we go back I must get a loan of it from you.' Father C.: 'No, you won't. Some Scoundrel borrowed a valuable book from me and stole it. It was a Latin book three hundred years old, and I used to find matter for sermons in it.' . . . As we spoke of the bad weather his face lighted up and he asked, 'Do you know that beautiful poem of Mrs. Hemans? The summer will come, will come, will come?'—but, and he lowered his voice, 'shall we come with it?' As we grow old and stand on the verge of really old age, which we may be fated never to tread, we doubtless become more and more interested in bright elders such as Father Cuddihy."

Tenth Day. Cork, Next Day. "At 7 last evening we sighted Cape Clear. The sun went down. It was a fresh, delightful moonlight. We sat with Father C. in the cabin to enjoy a last conversation. We talked of Ireland, and he quoted the words of an Italian concerning his own country as applicable, 'O era tu men bella o più forte.' Then the view of the coast led to his bringing up 'The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,' and these other lines of Byron, 'Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle? It is said Byron stole those from Goethe's 'Knock-out' 'Thou the Land! One of his repeated the opening lines of 'Kennet du das Land?' And he went on 'That's another fine German poem. "Was ist das, Botschaft Vaterland?" and he went over the thoughts suggested by it. It was long, we broke up, just as by rockets we were signalling to the Telegraph Station."

Here, says Mr. Webb, and the note concerning Father Cuddihy in my diary. Doubtless many other notes have appeared, but this one may here be sufficient. We are indeed grateful to Mr. Webb for it, in that it has given us a new view of a fine character."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By an Occasional Contributor.

A good deal of morbid sentimentality exists in regard to murderers. It not infrequently happens that those guilty of the most heinous crimes of murder—crimes accompanied in their commission by all the elements of cruelty, savagery, and atrocity imaginable—are the recipients, while they are in jail awaiting the execution of the just sentence of the law, of flowers, of letters of sympathy, and even admiration. Such conduct can only be explained on the ground of the ineradicable frailty and depravity of human nature.

There is another class of individuals—and this includes a number of clever and amiable if over-sentimental persons—whose sympathy for the slayer of his fellow-being goes so far as to ask for the abolition of capital punishment—a form of punishment which has the sanction of all law, both divine and human. These people forget that capital punishment is not a sentence motivated by revenge or by the dictates of retributive justice. It is deterrent as well as punitive; and, human nature being such as it is, it is necessary for the protection of the

individuals who go to make up civilized society.

About a dozen years ago a Parisian physician, who was in favor of the killing of murderers, took a friend of his to witness the guillotining of two murderers in the Place de la Roquette, outside the well-known prison of that name in the French capital. The men had been convicted of having strangled an old woman to death, in order to possess themselves of her money. They had strangled her with her own handkerchief, and the medical testimony that was given as to the appearance of the corpse tended to show that the struggle had been a prolonged one. The criminals were of the "hardened" type, and one of them rudely repulsed the ministrations of the priest. They were guillotined one after the other. "How terrible must have been the sufferings of these two poor wretches!" said the physician's friend as they were returning from the ghastly spectacle. "Just think of having that awful death before their minds for weeks!" "I was not thinking of their sufferings at all—if they had any," replied the doctor. "I was thinking of the horrible death they had inflicted upon that unprotected old woman." His friend was silenced.

HINTS TO ATHLETES.

Probably the most talked of athlete in amateur and collegiate athletic circles just now is Alvin C. Kraenzlin, of the University of Pennsylvania, who this spring made a new world's record in the running broad jump. Mr. Kraenzlin is generally admitted to be the greatest all round track athlete in this country. Up to a year ago he was known only as a phenomenal hurdler, holding world's records for both the high and low hurdles. Mr. Kraenzlin has this to say regarding his wonderful powers as an athlete: "From the time when I was a very small youngster I was very fond of athletic sports of all kinds, but at that time there were plenty of boys that could beat me in short and long distance running. I determined to make a study of running, and become the fastest runner in the school. In the first place I read a number of hints given by trainers, and these I adopted as much as was possible. To begin with I was always careful to take care of myself, and I never ruined my lungs with tobacco or my stomach with coffee every morning.

"My training at this time was very simple, but I think very effective. Each morning and evening I used to go through the setting up exercises that are used at West Point, and which almost every one knows and

which so very few practice. Personally I believe these exercises to be the best kind of a home gymnasium it is possible to have, and some of my records, perhaps, may be directly attributed to them. Gradually I kept on running and practising, until I was acknowledged the fastest runner in the school and I am sure that I felt more proud of this distinction than I have over any of my later records.

"If you are going to quote me as to my methods I won't know where to begin, but first of all I would advise any young boy to get his mind and body so that they will work together at all times. By this I mean that the true runner or jumper depends upon his head quite as much as his legs, for the fastest runner when rattled is beaten before the race begins. Another thing, you want to cultivate confidence in your abilities. Go into the race with the idea of winning, and if you lose, have it because the other man could run faster, and, what is more, admit it.

"This same admission may be up to him in the future, and you will enjoy your victory more because you had to work and wait for it. Begin your practising by light running, allowing plenty of development for your lungs. Don't strain yourself at the start, but try and build up a physique and

acquire a method of running that can be relied upon when you are in a race. Keep your stomach in good order. More races are lost from a bad stomach than poor legs. Add to this good American sand and faithful and conscientious practise and you will find yourself a world's champion some day."

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SIT.

Recently an eminent physician gave utterance to the opinion that appendicitis is more common in this country than in others because of the Yankee custom that men have—and men are more frequently sufferers from the disease than women—of habitually sitting with one leg thrown over the other. The habit, the physician was quoted as saying, restricts the action of the digestive apparatus, and especially of the lower intestine and causes stagnation of the contents and the stretching of the opening of the vermiform appendix, making it possible for obstructions to reach the latter, and thus giving rise to appendicitis.

There is no other disease, if we may judge from the attention given to it by current publications, in which the general public takes so much interest as in this one, which is comparatively new to medical practice. Probably much of the popular interest is due to the fact that only within a few years what may be called the literature of appendicitis has reached the reading community.—Leslie's Weekly.

When a man is possessed with a certain fanatical spirit, he imagines if a shoulder do but itch, that the world has galled it with leaning on it so long, and therefore he wisely springs to remove the globe to the other. If he chance but to sneeze, he salutes himself and courteously pray that the foundation of the earth be not shaken.

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

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Montreal, 1st May, 1899.

FRANK J. LAVERTY,
Solicitor for Applicants.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,
No. 997.

Dame Helen Kiscock Lloyd, wife common as to property of Horace Benjamin Lambie, of the City and District of Montreal, do hereby authorize to enter an action in the Superior Court, in and for the County of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Horace Benjamin Lambie, of the same place, Defendant.

Announced in separation of property has been, this day, instituted in the above case.

Montreal, 27th April, 1899.

SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,
No. 383.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Rose Delima Joly, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Garneau, Jeweller, of the same place, duly authorized by a Judge of the Superior Court, has, this day, taken an action in separation as to bed and board from her husband.

Montreal, 28th April, 1899.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL,
LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Three per cent. for the current half-year (making a total of Six per cent. for the year) upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office, and at its Branches, on and after THURSDAY, the First day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 24th of May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Hotel Ottawa, on TUESDAY, the 20th June next, at noon.

By order of the Board.

W. WEIR, President.

JACQUES CARTIER BANK

DIVIDEND No. 67.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Three per cent. for the six current months, equal to the rate of Six per cent. per annum, has been declared on the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, and will be payable at the Office of the Bank, at Montreal, on and after THURSDAY, the First day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 24th of May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Hotel Ottawa, on TUESDAY, the 20th June next, at noon.

By order of the Board of Directors.

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